

NOVEMBER 1921

Little Folks

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Esther Butten



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NEW GAMES TO PLAY

RED LIGHT

TWO goals are chosen, say thirty feet apart. All the players but one line up before the first goal, and this one stands at one side, and with eyes closed, counts aloud to ten and then shouts, "Red Light!" When the counting starts, all the players begin walking toward the second goal, but the instant "Red Light," the danger signal, is called, they must stand perfectly still. If anyone is caught moving after "Red Light" is called, that player is sent back to first goal before the counting begins again. The others, of course, start from where they are standing. The winner is the one who walks to second goal and back again to the first goal, or starting place, first. It is then his turn to give the danger signal. This often proves to be a game where haste makes waste, as one must always be careful not to be walking so fast that he can't stop instantly. The one counting has the privilege of counting as fast or as slow as he wishes and in any way he likes, provided he talks loud enough for the others to hear. He tries all kinds of tricks, the favorite one being to count almost to ten very slowly and then wind up like a streak of lightning. He must be very careful not to open his eyes until after he shouts, "Red Light!"

Blanche I. Royal

GRUNT, PIGGIE, GRUNT

One player is blindfolded and given a stick. The others form a circle about him. He then reaches out with his stick and the one he touches or comes nearest to takes hold of the

stick and is asked to "Grunt, Piggie, grunt," which he must do. If the blindfolded one can tell who it is, he joins the circle and the Piggie is It. This game is one that the tiniest tots enjoy and the older ones have great sport in trying to disguise their voices. Sometimes they succeed in making the blindman guess several times before he guesses right. He is allowed only one guess at a time; that is, if he does not guess right the first time, he must touch someone else with his stick and guess again.

Blanche I. Royal

MARBLE GAME

Cover a box or the sand-table with heavy pasteboard. In this pasteboard cut several holes just large enough for a marble to pass through. Give different number values to these holes and write the number near the holes. Partners are chosen and each child in turn shoots a marble at any of the holes. When it drops through he counts the number of points corresponding to the hole through which it drops. The couple having the highest number at the close of the game, wins.

Anna M. Brady

BOUNCING BALL

One child takes a rubber ball and as he bounces it he calls the name of some other player, who must catch the ball before it touches the floor a second time.

Anna M. Brady



American Bible House,
Constantinople, Turkey.

Dear "Little Folks":—I was very glad to receive so many letters from readers of "Little Folks." Last time I wrote I had only two brothers. Now I have another, named Edward Lincoln. I broke my arm last summer and had to stay in the hospital forty days. One Friday, after leaving the hospital, we went to see the Sultan going to prayers. He had a very large bodyguard, dressed in many colors. He came in one carriage and went back in another. We went to Alexandropol, Armenia, in October of last year. The Near East Relief had eight thousand orphans in that city. The Near East Relief had a school there, where the pupils could learn all kinds of trades. They were shoemaking, tailoring, tinsmithing, carpentering, and stonemasonry. There was another family there which had children just the ages of my brother and myself. After we had stayed there seven weeks, the Bolsheviks chased us out, and we went to Kars, Turkey. There was a big fortress there put on a cliff so that the enemy could not get there. After we had stayed there eight weeks the Turks sent us out and we started for Constantinople. We had a special train which carried only Americans and their assistants. At Trebizond they loaded sheep and cattle onto our ship from row boats. They took the sheep up by derricks, six at a time, with ropes tied to one of their forelegs, and cattle, one at a time with ropes tied to both forelegs.

Richard Maynard.

Plymouth, N. H.

Dear "Nittle Folks":—I enjoy you so much. I have taken you ever since I was old enough to understand your stories. My mother had the magazine for my brothers and sisters before I was born. I especially enjoy the letters

from out west, and I would like to hear from someone living there, and in Canada and in the south. We can see the White Mountains very plainly from our house. On a real clear day you can see the stony cliffs. I have been all through them and think them very beautiful and wonderful. We have deer, foxes, rabbits and a few bears here. I live on a farm and have seven ponies. We have let most of them because we are going to move to our other home, seven miles from here, for the winter. I hope someone will write to me.

Daisy Hildreth.

Valentine, Texas.

Dear "Little Folks":—We have been subscribers for "Little Folks" for about two years. We live twelve miles north of Valentine on a cattle ranch in the Davis Mountains. We are near the old El Muerto stage line that ran from San Antonio to El Paso. The El Muerto Spring and three other springs are in our pasture. There are live oaks, post oaks, manzanita, juniper, pinon and pine trees growing in our mountains. The live and post oaks stay green all winter. The live oaks shed their leaves in March. Walnuts, mulberry and willow trees grow along the creek beds. We found six different kinds of ferns in the mountains back of the house. We got some of the fern plants and put them in boxes to make a small fernery. There are daggers and bear grass growing here. The daggers have heavy clusters of waxy blossoms at the top, about ten feet from the ground. The cows eat the dagger blossoms if they can reach them. We have a school house of our own near the ranch home. There is an old cave in our pasture that has grease on the sides of it. We think the Indians have cooked in it, years ago. There are small holes in the rock where the Indians ground corn. We would like to hear from any of you.

Robert and Doris Everett.

SOMETHING TO PLEASE MOTHER

What is Mother's favorite perfume? Perhaps she doesn't know. At any rate, we will send you a test set, just to see whether she really does know, or not. There are three cunning bottles of three most delightful perfumes. Just send us your address and two 2c. stamps (4c) and we'll mail you the test set with directions, and a delightful booklet on "Fragrance." Address: Fragrance, % Little Folks Magazine, Salem, Mass.

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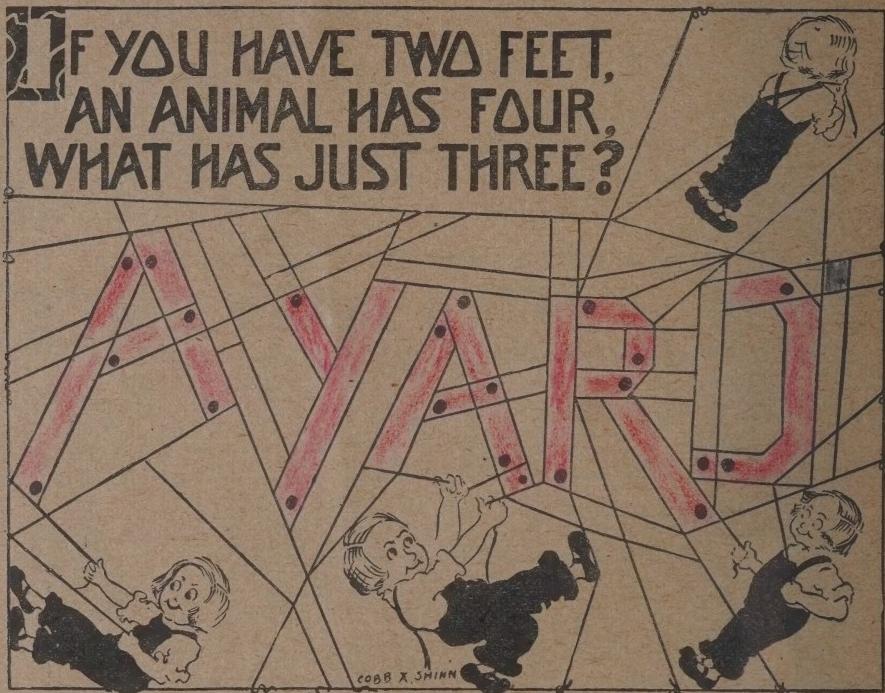
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SOMETHING TO PUZZLE YOU

BY COBB X. SHINN

THE Tommies have the answer hidden in the wires that they have pulled across the picture. In some of the spaces you see a dot. With your water colors or crayons and

paint these spaces a bright red. In no time you will have discovered the letters that spell the answer for you. Write it below.

a yard

SOMETHING TO WRITE TO OTHER READERS

Lucia Dewell, Orlando, Fla., seven years old, would like to hear from readers her age.

Anna May Kready, North Main St., Manheim, Pa., eleven years old, would like to hear from any readers.

Annette Budolphi, Nauvoo, Ill., would like to hear from Katherine Morrow.

Eathel Florence, R. F. D., Box 102, Fate, Texas, would like to correspond with a little boy in Tenn. or Florida.

Elinor Foskett, and Gordon Foskett, 75 South Main St., Winsted, Conn., would be glad to have any girl or boy write to them. Elinor is nine and Gordon is ten.

Grace Ransom, Mayflower, Ark., will answer all the letters that readers write to her. She is eleven.

Ruth Blair, Inlet, N. Y., thirteen years old, would like to hear from a boy reader. Ruth can swim and dive and do many stunts in the water.

Constance Downs, Vineyard Haven, Mass., would like someone to write to her. She is ten. She can tell you some interesting things about the place where she lives.

Irene Neumann, 918 Hayes Ave., Sandusky, Ohio, will try to write a nice letter to anyone who will write to her. Irene is twelve.

Quentin Brisley, Fredrick, Okla., ten years old, would be pleased to have any of the readers write to him.

Winifred Parker, 401 South Division St., Ann Arbor, Mich., ten years old, would like any readers to write to her.

THE LITTLE DOLL FROM FAIRYLAND

THE night that May-Elinor slipped into Fairyland behind the Sandman, she found all the fairies as busy as bees, getting the Christmas dolls ready for Santa Claus. They were so busy, indeed, that they couldn't stop to chat, and they sent Petal-wing, one of their number, with May-Elinor to the Queen.

When the Queen heard that May-Elinor didn't know that no child went to Fairyland without an invitation, she was very sweet about it, and said that so long as it was a mistake, May-Elinor might choose one thing in all Fairyland to see, and that she herself would take her to see it.

May-Elinor remembered the Christmas dolls, and chose those. The truth is, she wanted to see if any dolly was tagged with her name. But though she hunted carefully, not a dolly intended for her did she see, and at last she told the Queen.

"Didn't you have four new dollies last Christmas?" the Queen asked. "Santa thought you didn't need any this year—you keep your dollies so nicely, May-Elinor."

But not even the compliment could soothe May-Elinor, and the Queen had to admit that a Christmas without a doll would probably be a dismal affair, if one were a little girl.

"I know what we'll do," comforted the Queen. "Over here are some brand new dolls—you shall have one of those. I'll give it to you myself. We couldn't possibly ask Santa to change his plans now and give you one, but it will be quite proper for me to take one for you. But remember, May-Elinor, there won't be any dolly for Christmas if you take this one."

It didn't matter any longer, to May-Elinor, for what was a Christmas doll to a doll presented by the Queen of all the fairies?

But a strange thing happened! The Sandman appeared and took May-Elinor's hand and whisked her away right out of Fairyland—just like that!

And May-Elinor lost the precious doll!

"You'll probably find it when you get home," said the Sandman. "It was still a fairy doll and it has to turn into a real doll before you can keep it."

That gave May-Elinor something to think about, and she thought so hard and so long that she got sleepy and the next thing May-Elinor knew, it was morning, and she was home again. Of course, the first thing she did was to hunt for the fairy doll.

"She wasn't very big," she explained to Mother. "She was five inches tall, and she was made of bisque, and she had the loveliest, longest, curly hair. And, Mother, her arms and legs moved and she had go-to-sleep eyes! Just think—such a little doll and as fine as that."

May-Elinor hunted everywhere. All over the house she looked and in the streets and in the shop-windows. But never did May-Elinor see her dolly from Fairyland.

And then one day, a wonderful thing happened. May-Elinor's favorite playmate brought her LITTLE FOLKS over to May-Elinor's house, and she opened the book and she said, "May-Elinor, does this look like your fairy dolly?"

And May-Elinor gave a little for-joy squeal; and the favorite playmate knew that May-Elinor had found the dolly from Fairyland. LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE had it—a great many like it, indeed. May-Elinor knew where the rest of that pile of dollies had gone—to LITTLE FOLKS, right from Fairyland!

"For two subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS," read the favorite playmate, "you may have one of these cunning bisque dollies, with long, curly hair, moveable arms and legs, and eyes that open and close. One of these subscriptions may be your own renewal, and the other must be the new subscription of some other person. Or you may buy one of these little dolls from us for seventy-five cents."





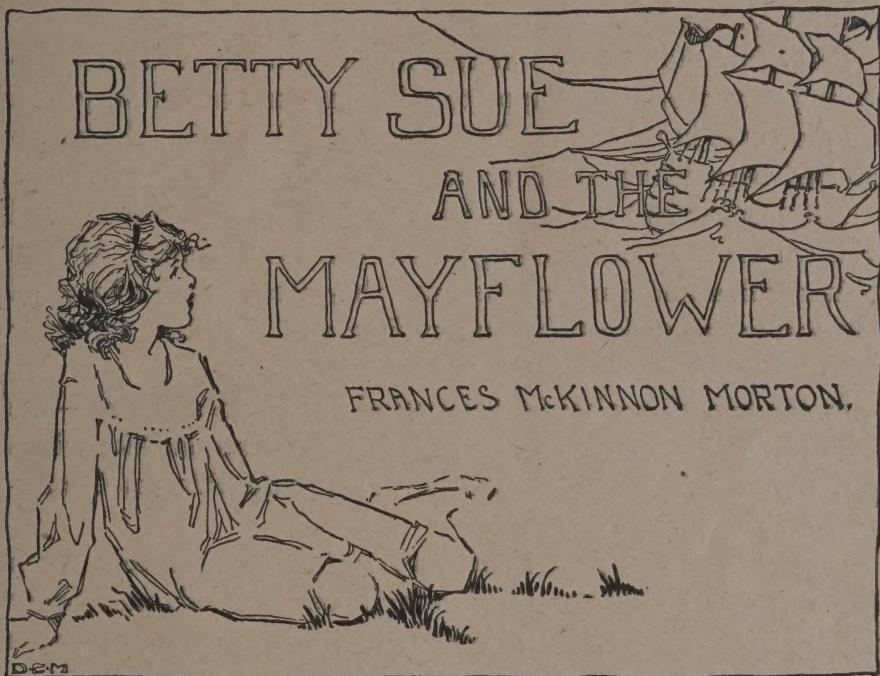
BETTY SUE TRIED TO THINK HOW IT MUST HAVE LOOKED
WHEN ALL THE STREETS WERE WILD WOODS.

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. XXV

NOVEMBER, 1921

No. I



BETTY-Sue Baxter stood by her front gate and looked up and down the wide, old, shady street.

Green grass covered the lawns, green trees shaded the smooth side-walks, and pretty flowers clustered around the houses.

"Oh," said Betty-Sue, sighing with happiness, "I'm just so glad that my Pilgrim Great-Grandmother was brave and good and pilgrim-ed over here on the Mayflower to help settle our country and make it lovely for us to live in."

Betty-Sue looked again at the quiet and beautiful street and tried to think in her mind how it must have looked to her brave little Pilgrim Great-Grandmother when all the streets were wild woods, where there were savage Indians and still more savage beasts hiding around to do you harm.

Annabel was standing close beside her, wearing a pink sunbonnet and swinging a book-strap, for they were coming home from school. "My Great-Grandmother didn't *pilgrim* over here in the Mayflower," she said stoutly, "but any how she *pilgrim-ed* just as soon as she could; and mother says they were all pilgrims—just all of them who came over here to have a free country and make it nice for us."

Betty-Sue didn't try to deny that, but still she couldn't help feeling very proud and happy to think that one of her very own kin did come in that brave little Mayflower boat that the teachers had been telling them about at school.

The teacher had told them the story of the brave little band who sailed away over strange seas to a new country, all full of hardships and dangers, because they were brave and good and wanted to make this country free and beautiful for their children and grand-children.

In the eye of her bright little mind she could see it all—the little Mayflower boat with its white sails spread out like wings and somewhere in the crowd her own little Pilgrim Grandmother.

It made her feel proud and very serious, too, so that when Annabel said, "Come on over to my house and let's play paper dolls," Betty-Sue replied gravely, "I can't do it today because Mother isn't at home. Grandmother is sick and she had to go there right after lunch. I'm going to dry the lunch dishes and take care of things till Father gets home."

That was Betty-Sue's way of trying to be worthy of that Pilgrim-Grandmother she was thinking so much about, and a good way it was too.

After she had dried the dishes and eaten the after-school lunch that Mother had set on the kitchen table for her, Betty-Sue swept the back porch; and then, just by herself without anybody telling her to do it, she went into the sitting-room and practiced her scales for one-half hour.

Then she went out to feed the chickens. She loved feeding the hungry chickens and having them run to meet her; but this



SHE BROUGHT THE BIG SHOVEL OUT OF THE TOOL SHED

time there was a sort of a smell about the barn that she didn't like. It wasn't the scent of fresh sweet hay but was more like the smoke from burning hay, or brush.

"I'll just look around and see what it is!" Betty-Sue said to herself. "I guess if the Pilgrims did so much to have things nice for us, we can do our part to take care of things for our grandchildren, too!"

Betty-Sue stuck her inquisitive little nose into the hayloft, into the cow-shed, into the stall where the grey horse lived, and then into the chicken house.

"Not any smoke there," she said, "but I do smell smoke and, of course, I'd better keep looking. I'll just 'pilgrim' over to the feed house and see if it is there."

And there she found the little curl of smoke and the slowly

growing line of tiny flames that kept eating into the scattered hay around the feed house door.

"I s'pose the Grocery boy must have dropped a match and thought it was all out when it wasn't. I'll get the hose and put it out," Betty-Sue said to herself.

She brought the hose and began wetting the ground around the flames, but it was a queer sort of fire and as fast as she would think it was out in one place it would blaze up in another. She kept right on working as hard as she could; her shoes were splashed, her dress was wet and there were soot marks on her face, but she didn't have any idea of letting that fire get into the feed house and then maybe spread to the barn and the house. "Splash-splash," she threw the water, and every time it sizzled and steamed when it hit the fire, but still more little flames kept coming out somewhere else.

"I heard a story," she remembered out loud, "about putting sand and dry dirt on little flames and I think I'll just try that for awhile."

She brought the big shovel out of the tool shed and then, while the hose sprinkled one place, she would cover up another with big shovel-fulls of sand and dirt. She worked hard, moving the hose and bringing more dirt just as fast as she could, until at last there wasn't a sign of any fire in the whole big barn-yard.

Then she heard somebody coming and before she could even brush the mud off her shoes, her father called out, "Why, hello there! my brave fire laddie!"

"I'm not a fire laddie," Betty-Sue declared as she lifted up her brave dirty face and smiled at her father. "I'm just a 'pilgrim daughter' that didn't ride in the Mayflower boat, but wants to do brave deeds, anyhow."

Betty-Sue's father looked at the dripping hose, the smoke-blackened hay, the piles of dirt, the big shovel and the muddy little girl; and then he smiled, with a proud look in his eyes.

"And I call this a really brave deed for a pilgrim daughter to do," he said.



AND SOON LITTLE HUMILITY SLEPT

NICODEMUS

BY HARRIET T. COMSTOCK

LITTLE Humility Merton sat by the roadside in the soft November sunshine. Humility was running away. She had started from home, oh! so early, and now it seemed oh! so late, and she was tired and hungry; but there was no turning back for that little Puritan maid until she had done what she had set out to do.

She sighed gently, wiped a little tear from her pretty cheek and then started up from the leaf-littered roadside where she sat. "I must hurry!" Humility said to herself. "It may be too late. Oh, poor Nicodemus!" Then two tears rolled down the round cheeks, and Humility forgot to wipe those away. "Now which road shall I take?" she faltered, eyeing the diverging ways. "Oh, if only someone would chance by!"

And, as if in answer to the little maid's wish, a horseman came in sight, and she waited by the roadside until he drew nearer.

The man on the big black horse was deep in thought; he did not even glance at the prim little figure on the path; so Humility cried timidly, "Sir, can you kindly tell me the way to the governor's house?"

The traveller drew rein and looked down.

"The governor?" he asked. "And what do you want with the governor?"



NICODEMUS FLAPPED HIS ONE GOOD WING

"I want to tell him about Nicodemus, sir, and I am in a piteous hurry. Since daylight I have been travelling, and—I cannot tell the way!" The soft lips quivered, and the childish upturned face was full of anxiety.

"I am bound for the governor's house, little maid," said the man. "Come, I will put you before me on the horse. Perhaps you will tell me about this Nicodemus as we travel."

Once upon the strong horse little Humility felt her courage returning, and it was the simplest matter in the world to tell the kind stranger all about Nicodemus and her errand.

"I never had anything of my very own, sir," said the little girl, "until Nicodemus came. I was in the woods one day, and feeling lonely I dropped down and prayed God to give me a cheerful heart. Just then I heard a noise and right at my feet fell a wild turkey! His wing was broken and my father has said that it was an Indian's arrow that brought him low; but what matters how he came, sir, if God sent him?"

"What matter indeed?" smiled the stranger, and he put an arm closer about Humility. "And you named him Nicodemus?" he added.

"Yes," said little Humility, pushing her soft straying brown hair more securely under her close white cap, "for hurt as he was, the poor bird got up into a tree so afraid was he of me. You know, sir, the rhyme:

'Nicodemus he
Did climb a tree!'"

"Ah!" murmured the man, "I understand."

"And, sir," the little maid went on, "I fed him and brought water to him, and he grew to love and trust me, and when the wing was healed, Nicodemus had lost all fear, and ate from my hand and followed when I called. I was never lonely any more. 'Tis sad to be lonely, sir—were you ever lonely?"

The man thought of a little boy away in England, and he said, "Aye, my child."

Then Humility went on again. "The governor has set a Day of Thanksgiving—have you heard?"

"That I have!"

"And he sent out four men to shoot turkeys and fetch them to him, and there is to be a great feast. Nicodemus and I were in the meadow when the four came our way, and seeing how fat and fine Nicodemus was they"—here the pretty face buried itself on the man's breast.

"They shot Nicodemus?" asked he, and there was deep pity in his voice.

"Ah, no!" sobbed Humility. "They said he was too good for that. They—they popped him in a bag, sir! They are going to take him alive to the governor, and the governor is to say what to do with Nicodemus."

"Ah." A slow smile spread over the man's face.

"And, sir, I am going to his house to tell the governor all about it, and when he hears that Nicodemus was all I had in the world of my own, I think he will be kind, and give Nicodemus back to me. What think you?"

"I think he will!" said the stranger. "But suppose he does not?"

"Then the little Puritan child's eyes flashed as she whispered to him, "Then I think I will sail back to England and tell the king!"

"With such a fate in store," laughed the man, "I am confident the governor will set Nicodemus free."

Then, as the big horse galloped on, a tired little head sank closer and closer to the strong man's breast, and soon Humility slept.

Presently the rider turned the horse, and all in the glow and haze of the autumn day rode rapidly back over the road weary little Humility had travelled. She, poor little child, had thought it a great distance; she had forgotten how many times she had rested, and stopped to hunt for nuts. At last the horse came to a pause in front of a small log cabin. The door was open and the room within quite empty. The man dismounted and carrying Humility very carefully, he laid her upon the bed in the far corner of the room. Then, seeing no person, he remounted and galloped away.

You may guess that Humility's father and mother were out searching for her, and that was exactly what they were doing. A fear of Indians was in their hearts, and they were very sad; but when they returned and saw their little girl lying safe and fast asleep upon the big bed, they felt that the Day of Thanksgiving appointed would be the happiest festival they had ever known.

On the morrow all the people came to the great feast, and all were happy and thankful except silent little Humility Merton. She felt that by falling asleep she had been false to Nicodemus, and would never see him again. Can you imagine, then, the child's joy, when the good cheer was at its height, to see a man drawing near with Nicodemus in his arms?

The young wild turkey sat with the man as gently as a dove. His experiences had tamed him.

"Where is Humility Merton?" called the man as he drew near, and all trembling and pale little Humility stepped forth from her mother's side.

"This the governor's wish," said the man, "that there should be no sad or lonely child to-day, and he gives Nicodemus back to his mistress."

Humility stretched out her arms and took the big bird to her heart. Nicodemus flapped his one good wing in rapture, and then Humility looked up and said timidly to the man, "Tell the governor this is truly a Day of Thanksgiving for my poor Nicodemus and me!"

IF JUST ONE GRASS BLADE GREW

BY ANNETTE WYNNE

If just one grass blade grew each year,
I think we'd hold it very dear;
And folks would come from far away
To see the wonder any day.

If in a whole life there could be
Just once the rising sun, then we
Would give our best to see the rise
Of that one morning in the skies.

If just one playmate we could own,
For just a space, then all alone
We had to stay, I think that we
Would love each other and agree.

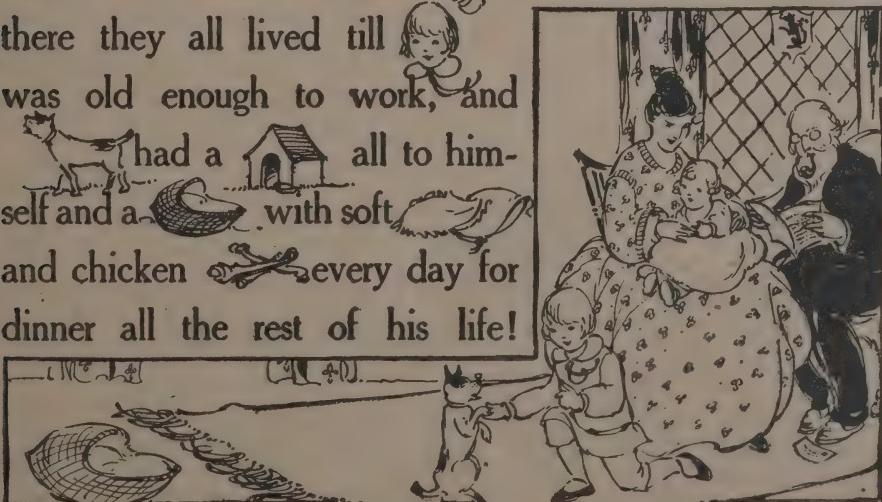
The Wonderful Journey of PETER and LITTLE DOG TRIP

12



YAP, yap, here we are!" said . The was playing and the were singing in the beautiful garden of the . "But how shall we find my Uncle Joseph?" cried . "Trust me," said . So they went till they heard a grumbling and growling and there was an old sitting in a wicker writing . "And pray what is the matter, sir?" asked . "Why," said the old man, "my errand has fallen off a and broken his and now there is nobody to post my and fetch my and find my which I have lost." "Dear, dear," said . "But my master and I are very good at running errands. Do you sit still in your and we will post the and fetch the and find the and be back as quick as a wink." So they ran and did all the errands and were back as quick as a wink, and the lit his and put on his and was as happy as a . "One good turn deserves another," said the . "Is there anything I can

do for you?" "We'd like to find my Uncle Joseph," said . "Nothing easier," said the . "I am your Uncle Joseph." Then jumped for joy and he told Uncle Joseph all about his mother and his and the black and the , and the adventures he and had had while searching for Uncle Joseph. "Well, well," said and your and you shall all live here in the till Peter is old enough to work." "And ?" cried Peter. "And ," said Uncle Joseph. Then Peter jumped again for joy, and there came a big and in got Uncle Joseph and , and little dog Trip and before you could say Jack Robinson they had set off for Peter's to bring back his mother and his to the Castle. And there they all lived till was old enough to work, and had a all to himself and a with soft and chicken every day for dinner all the rest of his life!



THE LITTLE LAZY PRINCESS

BY ANNE BROMLEY

PART II.



THE DAY SHE WAS EIGHTEEN

SO the time went on. But in a day or two the little Princess found that she must feed the hens if she intended to live on eggs. She soon grew very tired of eggs though, and longed for a piece of plain bread and butter—and when she thought of the cakes and tarts and all the good things at home, she could scarcely keep from crying. She was really dreadfully homesick and unhappy and longed to go back to the palace where somebody always did things for her.

But there was no way by which she could leave the island, and after fretting and sulking and crying for a week poor little Idlelocks set herself to make the best of a bad situation.

She studied the cooking-book and spent long hours over the kitchen fire, making dreadful messes if the truth be told. But one has to make dreadful messes for a while before one can become a good cook, and the little Princess finally found she had learned a deal from her messes. She began after a bit to take an interest in seeing how thoroughly she could do things and scrubbed and swept and dusted, and spun and wove and sewed, and fed the hens and

the cow with the greatest care. And before she knew it she had grown up into a clever and sweet and beautiful and busy-as-a-bee young lady!

The very day when she discovered that she was grown up—which was the day she was eighteen—the King and the Queen and the Court came out to the island in a beautiful ship to see what had become of the Princess Sophronia Anastasia Monica Claribel Pearl Evangeline, and to learn if she had overcome her idleness.

With much ceremony the King brushed the cobwebs from the great gate and turned the key in the rusty lock. The long unused gate was stiff on its hinges and refused at first to budge, but they got it open somehow at last and went in. No Princess was in sight though they searched all the sunny corners of the garden.

They went into the castle and through all the stately rooms. Everything was in apple-pie order and not a speck of dust was to be seen. They searched the bedrooms and found beds so beautifully made that they looked like some mountains of snow—but no Princess.

At last they all trooped down to the kitchen and there she was. Everybody stared in amazement. The Princess had tied a checkered linen apron over her velvet gown and was busily kneading bread. So busily, indeed, that for a moment she did not know that she was not still alone in the castle.

"My dear daughter!" cried the King, and "My darling daughter!" cried the Queen, and "Our beloved Princess!" cried all the Court with one voice.

Idlelocks was so surprised that she almost dropped her dough, but recovered herself in a moment.

"If your Majesties will condescend to wait," said she, mak-



THEY CAME IN A BEAUTIFUL SHIP

ing a deep courtesy, "dinner will be ready in ten minutes."

So the King and the Queen and all the Court sat down in the state audience chamber and fanned themselves, while the Princess flew about the kitchen. The time was rather short, but promptly, in ten minutes, she announced dinner.



THE PRINCESS WAS KNEADING
BREAD

After everybody had eaten all they possibly could—for everything was perfectly delicious and a thousand times better than the King's French cook ever could do—Idlelocks led the King and the Queen and all the Court to the various fruit rooms where she had stored up great quantities of jellies and jams and marmalades and preserves and butters and things. After everybody had tasted of everything and declared it the very best that *ever* was made, she led them to a large room where she had stored up great quantities of stuff that she had spun and woven. There were tableclothes and napkins and sheets all as fine as they could possibly be, and all hem-stitched and covered with embroidery.

Well, the King and the Queen and the Court just nearly went wild over these proofs of the Princess' industry, and talked and gabbled and exclaimed till you really couldn't hear yourself think.

But at last the Princess made signs that she wished to speak and they all fell suddenly silent, eager to know what she had to say.

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If you enjoy Little Folks you will enjoy this book as it consists of twelve issues of LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE bound in a fine cloth binding. It contains lots of fine stories and verses, hundreds of pictures, several in colors. There are fairy tales, nature stories, stories of real or make-believe children. This annual will be a continuous joy to the children and one that they will never grow tired of. It is always interesting.



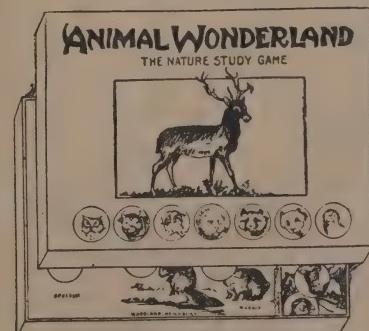
*** INDIVIDUAL PENCILS*. These pencils have your own name printed on them so you will not lose them. They are excellent grade octagon pencils and come six in a box, each bearing your name in gold letters. Each pencil has an eraser.**



BIRD WONDERLAND

Pictures of birds, but round holes where their heads should be. Whatever can that mean? Ah! Here are discs, all the same size, with the missing heads printed upon them. Now it is perfectly plain that the game is to fit the right head upon the right body. Perhaps, at first you'll make mistakes, and they will be funny ones, too; but soon you will know your bird friends so well that when you see the real ones flying about you will recognize the kind. It will be all the easier to do this because the cards for this bird game are printed in natural colors.

Teddy Peters had a Bird Wonderland and one day after his teacher had told the children about some of the birds we know and love and had taken them on a Bird Walk, just as some of your teachers take you, Teddy took his Bird Wonderland to school. And what fun the children had, picking out the birds they had seen and finding the right heads to fit the round holes. Teddy's teacher was very glad he brought his Bird Wonderland to school, because it helped the other boys and girls to become familiar with the birds they learned about. Sometimes Teddy would pass the heads around and the boys and girls would guess the name of the bird to which it belonged and describe its body. At other times it was the headless cards that went around, and the heads that were described. You may be sure that not a bird in the Wonderland was unknown in a short while, and Teddy's teacher said all the



ANIMAL WONDERLAND

Do you know how all the animals ought to look? Does a rabbit have a pointed nose? Does a fox have horns? Does a rhinoceros have fur? You should have this nature study game called Animal Wonderland. It will soon teach you the names and appearance of the different animals. In this game the heads on the various animals have been cut out of heavy board leaves, and the proper pieces fit snugly into the holes intended for them. They can be easily removed and used in any of the pictures. You can make some very curious and funny animals by getting the wrong heads and bodies together. Printed in beautiful natural colors, with a story in rhyme.



Dear Children:—

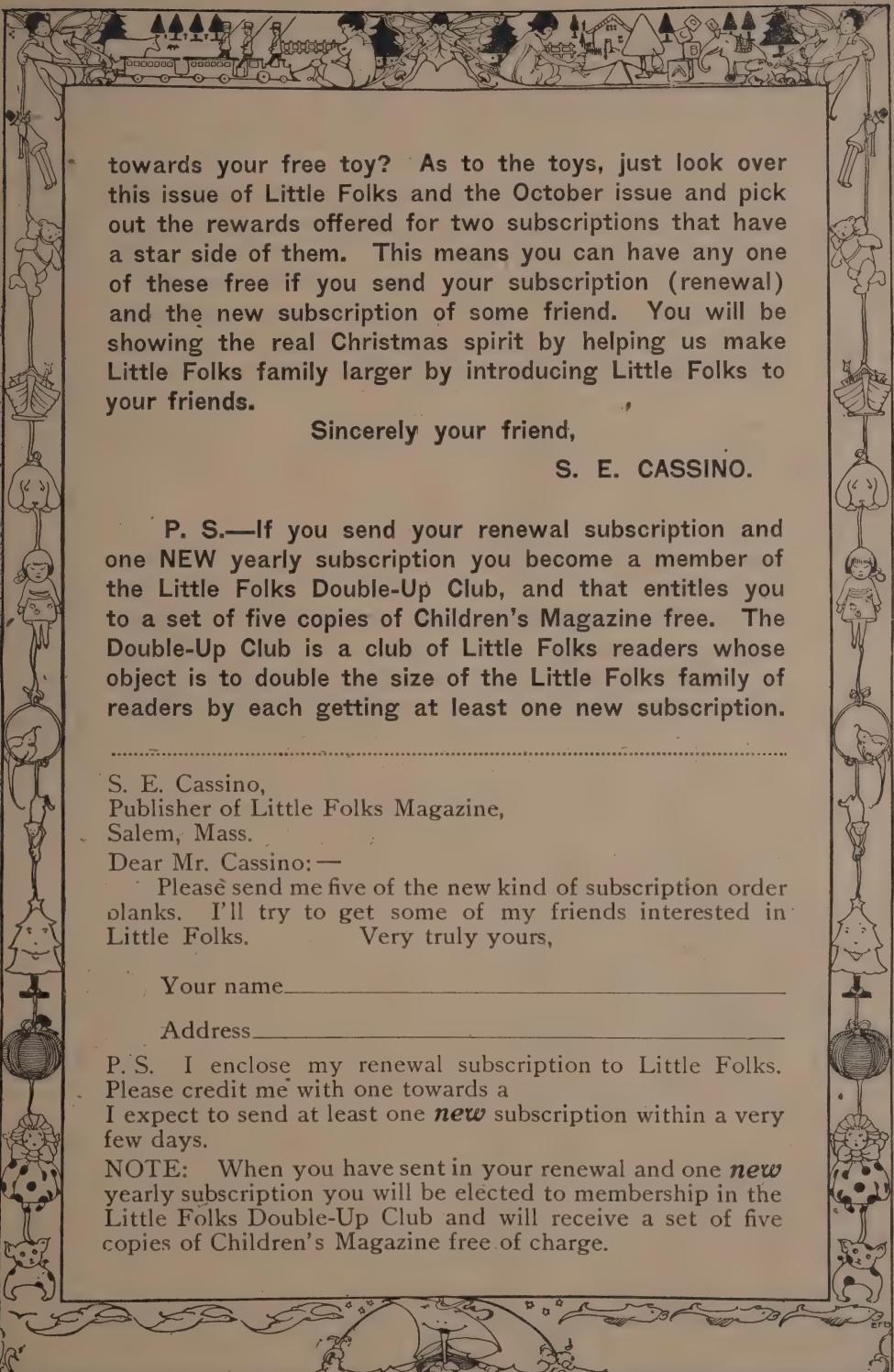
Christmas will soon be here and as you know Christmas is a time when everyone tries to be very unselfish and kind and thoughtful of others. That is why I decided to write this letter to all you children who read Little Folks. How many of you are there? Well I should think about three hundred thousand at least—quite a family, isn't it, and I hope it is a real happy family.

Now I want to show you that I think of you and I want you to think of someone else. This is what I thought about you. I thought you would like a toy of some sort that you could either keep for yourself or give to some one else for Christmas and I decided to help you get that toy or doll or book or whatever you want very, very easily without any expense. And this is how I decided I could help you do it. If you would send me your renewal subscription NOW (no matter when the subscription expires), and ask one other child to take Little Folks who doesn't take it now, I would give you a toy or book, doll or game free, one that I usually give away to children who send two new yearly subscriptions to Little Folks.

Probably you never really stopped to think that you know lots of children who never have heard of Little Folks who would like to take it. That's where I wanted you to do some thinking of others. Think of all the children who do not take Little Folks and tell them about it and offer to send in their subscriptions for them.

To help you do this I have printed a whole lot of special order blanks for use of your friends. I'll send you five (5) of these if you will fill the coupon on the next page and send it to me now. This order blank is a special that makes it very easy to get subscriptions to Little Folks.

When you send for the order blanks why not send me your renewal subscription and have that count



towards your free toy? As to the toys, just look over this issue of Little Folks and the October issue and pick out the rewards offered for two subscriptions that have a star side of them. This means you can have any one of these free if you send your subscription (renewal) and the new subscription of some friend. You will be showing the real Christmas spirit by helping us make Little Folks family larger by introducing Little Folks to your friends.

Sincerely your friend,

S. E. CASSINO.

P. S.—If you send your renewal subscription and one NEW yearly subscription you become a member of the Little Folks Double-Up Club, and that entitles you to a set of five copies of Children's Magazine free. The Double-Up Club is a club of Little Folks readers whose object is to double the size of the Little Folks family of readers by each getting at least one new subscription.

S. E. Cassino,
Publisher of Little Folks Magazine,
Salem, Mass.

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Your name _____

Address _____

P. S. I enclose my renewal subscription to Little Folks. Please credit me with one towards a
I expect to send at least one **new** subscription within a very few days.

NOTE: When you have sent in your renewal and one **new** yearly subscription you will be elected to membership in the Little Folks Double-Up Club and will receive a set of five copies of Children's Magazine free of charge.

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"Your Majesties," said she in a clear voice, "are you quite and entirely satisfied with these proofs of my industry?"

"Yes indeed!" cried the King, and "Indeed yes!" cried the Queen, while all the Court kept respectfully silent.

"And have you any doubt left that I *can* work?" went on the Princess.

"No indeed!" cried the King, and "Indeed no!" cried the Queen.

Very well then," said the Princess, "since I have proved that I can work, I think I have done all that can be required of a Princess, and I wish to announce right here and now that I shall *never* do another thing that somebody else can do for me!"



THE KING



THE QUEEN

THEY SAT DOWN IN THE STATE AUDIENCE CHAMBER
AND FANNED THEMSELVES

This shocking announcement, you may be sure, created a great stir, although nobody except the Princess really took it seriously.

But the Princess carried out her intention. From that day forward she went back to her old habits and became, if possible, more idle than ever.

However, all throughout the kingdom the Mothers now felt safe in saying to their little girls, "Just look at the Princess Sophronia-and-so forth—*she* can spin! And *she* can cook!"

And all the things that Idlelocks had made while she was living in the castle on the island were put into glass cases and set up in the Public Museum so all the kingdom might know that her Royal High-and-Mightiness the Princess Sophronia Anastasia Monica Claribel Pearl Evangeline *could* work!



LOVE AND THE WORLD

BY RALPH M. JONES

'T IS Love that makes the world go round,
As commonly we say,
And all the little ills of life
Must quickly run away.



THE BEE HIVE CUDDLED AT THE FOOT OF HONEYPOD HILL

THE LITTLE PRINCESS OF HONEYPOD HILL

BY CONSTANCE V. FRAZIER

CHAPTER I.—THE GUEST AT HONEYPOD

DOCTOR Dandy jumped out of his big car and raced up the steps of the Bee Hive. It wasn't a real hive, you know, but a big white house at the foot of Honeypot Hill, where Dorothy and Eugene and Yvette Freeman lived all through the long summer months with Mama and Father and Aunt Olivia. "Bee Hive" was just the name the children gave it because it cuddled so cozily among the maples at the foot of the hill, and because everybody in it was as busy as bees from morning to night all summer long. Doctor Dandy was very fond of the Bee Hive and the people who lived there. He was always running up the steps in a hurry. This time he hurry-scurried down the

long piazza and around the corner and bump! right into a little girl in a bright blue sweater and tam.

"Bless my eye-glasses, Invalid!" exclaimed the doctor, pretending to be very much alarmed. "What does this mean?"

"It means I'm not 'Invalid' any more—not since yesterday. I'm all well and my name's Dorothy, and your horrid old medicine is all gone. And oh, Doctor Dandy, just think! It's most three o'clock and in just a little while they'll be here!"

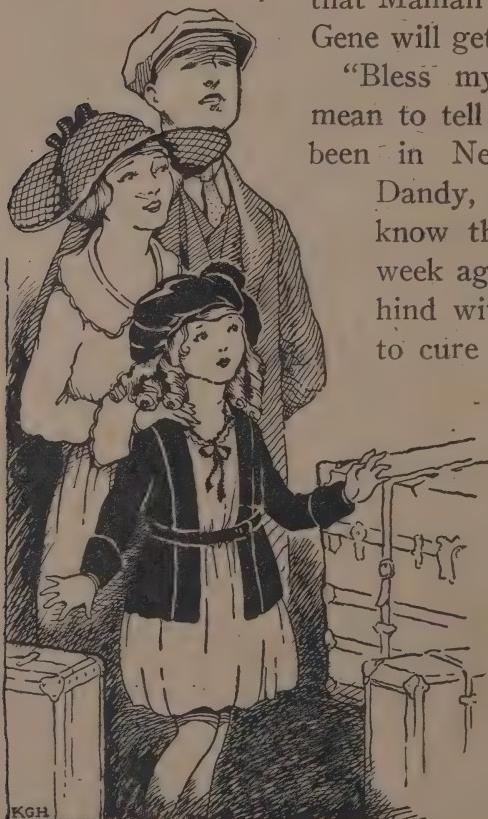
"Here? Who'll be here?" Doctor Dandy wrinkled his forehead and frowned as though he hadn't the least idea what Dorothy was talking about. "I don't exactly remember. Now what *was* important about three o'clock?"

Dorothy gave his arm a little shake. "Course you remember," she told him. "You're just teasing again. It's at three o'clock that Maman and Father and Yvette and Gene will get home from New York."

"Bless my shoe-strings! You don't mean to tell me your whole family has been in New York!" teased Doctor Dandy, just as though he didn't know that they had gone away a week ago and had left Dorothy behind with a dreadful cold for him to cure before they returned.

"Why, you do, too, know they have!" scolded Dorothy. "And I just know you haven't forgotten that they went to meet—"

"Bless my tennis-racquet, so they did!" said the doctor. "And *now* I remember what I came for. My dear young lady, Archibald requests the pleasure of your company.



DOROTHY COULD NOT SEE HER FAMILY



"I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE COME. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE SUCH FUN!"

as far as Honeypot Hill Station to meet the family and the family's guest. And that means where is Aunt Olivia, and let's hurry, for it will never do to be late on such an occasion as this."

Doctor Dandy waved his hand at the corner of the piazza and Dorothy ran to look over the railing.

"Oh, Doctor Dandy!" she cried, clapping her hands. "It's your brand new car, with the funny name! And here comes Aunt Olivia this minute!"

Aunt Olivia and the doctor were great friends, and so Doctor Dandy didn't a bit mind saying to her, just as he did to Dorothy, "Hurry now, girls, hop in. Archibald doesn't like to stand."

So Aunt Olivia and Dorothy 'hopped in,' and Doctor Dandy pretended to unhitch Archibald, just as he used to old Toby, his horse, and away they went, down the long white woodsy road to the station at Honeypot Hill.

The station wasn't far from the Bee Hive, and when Doctor Dandy told Archibald to 'whoa!' at the platform, the great, black, puffing Express was just coming to a stop.

Passengers were crowding out of every car door, and it seemed to Dorothy, on tiptoe for the first glimpse of her family and its guests, as though everybody on board must be getting off at Honeypot Hill. Try as she might, she could not see Maman's smiling face, nor Yvette waving from Father's arms, nor Gene, or the guest; nor could Aunt Olivia, who was taller, find any of them in the crowd.

One by one the passengers went away, or were met by friends; but still no Freemans had appeared. At last the bell rang, the engine drew a long breath and began to crawl on like a long, black snake—and still they had not come.

Dorothy's heart sank, and even Aunt Olivia and Doctor Dandy looked puzzled. Could they have missed the Express? If so, they could not reach Honeypot Hill until past midnight, when the local came through.

But just then the last car drew out of the little station, and lo and behold, there were the missing travellers.

"Oh, we thought you hadn't come!" cried Dorothy, rushing across the tracks to fling herself into Maman's arms.

"We got out on the other side of the car," Gene informed her. "See, Dot, here he is!"

Dorothy had almost forgotten the guest for a minute, but she seized the hand of the boy who stood beside Gene and cried, "Oh, I'm so glad you've come! We're going to have *such fun!*"

"Of a certainty," replied the guest, "it is delightful to be once more with my kind friends, *les Americains*."

And now you know that the guest was none other than Raoul Renaud, the French lad with whom Dorothy and Eugene had shared such adventurous days in France.

Raoul had to be introduced to Doctor Dandy and Aunt Olivia and, of course, Archibald, and then Doctor Dandy insisted that everybody 'hop in' again, with baggage of all sorts piled round their feet and quick as a wink Archibald was rushing back along the woods-road to the Bee Hive.

How everybody chattered! How much the children had to tell each other of all that had happened since they had parted on the pier at Brest the year before. It seemed no time at all before they were at home again, ready for supper, though they could hardly stop talking long enough to eat it!

And then, when it seemed, at last, as though everybody had said just all the things that had been waiting so long to be said, Dorothy remembered something.

"To-morrow, Raoul," she told the French boy excitedly, "there's going to be a big, big picnic. It's sure to be nice, and you'll like it lots, and maybe something extra nice will happen."

(*To be continued*)



THE POCKET-BOOK

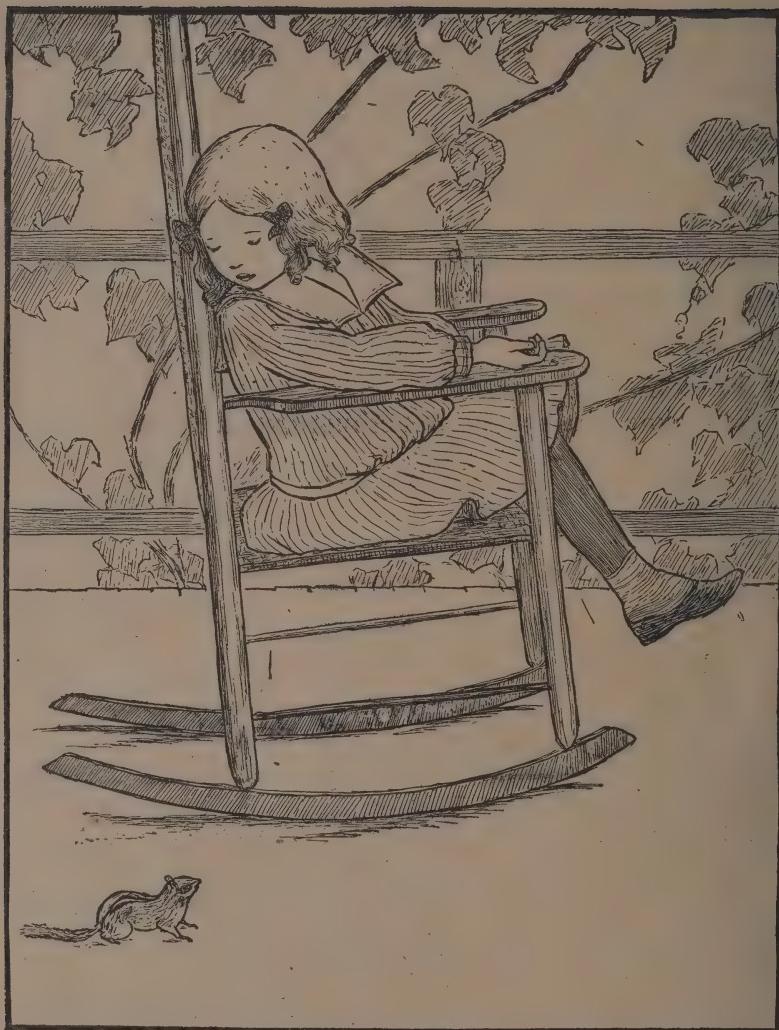


BY ANNÉTE WYNNE

I CARRY this big pocket-book
Tight upon my arm,
All my money I shall keep
Safe from any harm—

A penny for a peppermint,
Two pennies for a ball,
And three big foreign pennies
I cannot spend at all.

I like the peppermint penny,
And the pennies for the ball,
But the three big foreign pennies,
I like the best of all!



OVER THE TOP STEP CAME THE PRETTIEST LITTLE CHIPMUNK

DELIA'S NATURE STUDIES

BY DAISY D. PLYMPTON

THE ARTIST'S CHIPMUNK

THIS, that I am going to tell you, happened one year when Delia stayed out in the country long after the summer was ended.

Delia was walking in the woods. It was autumn, and all the little leaves of the birch trees around her were turned to pale

yellow. There were yellow leaves overhead like a roof, yellow leaves on the ground like a carpet, and all about her yellow leaves floating down through the air.

Chipmunks darted by her in the yellow forest, chirped at her from the birch branches, and she could hear them everywhere rustling among the leaves on the ground near the big beech trees as they searched for beechnuts.

Delia's path led on through the woods down to a little old bridge that crossed a tiny brook. And such a merry little brook it was! Delia stood by it a long time before she crossed the bridge. It danced and leaped and tumbled about among big mossy stones, and trickled away into three or four little brooks to find a way around a large rock, and then ran foaming together again and went around and around in a ring in a pool.

The yellow leaves from the birch trees came floating down with the water, like fleets of tiny boats, and then they, too went whirling around in the ring.

A little farther on in the woods, in an old fence, Delia came to a low picket gate across the path. It was not fastened, so the little girl pushed it open and went through.

In a moment more she came to a turn in the path and then she saw suddenly before her, in the bright sunshine, a garden full of great red and white poppies. They were taller than her head and shining with brightness in the sunlight.

Beyond, to one side, she could see a low brown house, covered with grape vines, and a beautiful, big green jar that stood by the piazza steps.

As she went a little nearer a voice, from behind the vines on the piazza, called to her to come. The voice was kind, so Delia hurried on and climbed the piazza steps past the great green jar.

Behind the vines a very large man was sitting comfortably in his arm-chair, smoking a pipe. Delia saw that he was the Artist. She had seen him sometimes down in the village. He nodded and smiled at her in so friendly a way that she did not feel at all timid. He asked her to sit down, so she took the large rocking-chair that was beside him, and soon they were talking together.

He told her interesting stories of the birds and little animals that came around his house and showed her the nest, just over his chair, that had been made there by a phoebe-bird in the early summer.

"I would sit here and smoke," he said, "and the phoebe would fly all around me and never mind me at all. Some of the birds don't like my chipmunk very well," he added, "but they're not afraid of him. There!" said he, leaning forward to look through the vines, "I hear the robin scolding him now. He can't be far away. I'll call him up so you can see him."

The Artist took from his pocket a few beechnuts, and rattled them in his hand while he made a queer clucking sound with his mouth. Presently Delia heard a faint sound on the piazza steps and then over the edge of the top step came the prettiest little chipmunk! His eyes were very bright. His red-brown coat with its black and white stripes shone like satin.

He sat up and appeared surprised when he saw Delia there. Then he ran forward a few steps and stopped to look at her—ran forward a little further and stopped again, and at last ran up over the Artist's foot to his knee, where he sat up waiting for his beechnuts, and paid no more attention to Delia.

He took the beechnuts from the Artist's fingers one at a time, and put them in his mouth, and packed them away in the pockets in his cheek that are made to carry nuts. Nut after nut he took until Delia's eyes opened wide with astonishment that he could carry so many.

When his cheeks looked very big and solid, as if he could not pack away another nut, the little creature ran down to the



HE STOPPED TO LOOK AT DELIA

floor and darted around the corner of the piazza out of sight.

"He has a hole somewhere near in the woods," said the Artist, "where he keeps the nuts to eat in the winter. He'll be back soon for more."

"Does he always stay at this place?" asked Delia.

"I think so," said the man. "He's been around my house three or four years."

"And don't you have to keep him in a cage or tie him up?"

"Oh no," said the man, "he's perfectly free; he runs about in the woods just like the other chipmunks. I go down to the city every winter and when I come back in the spring I always wonder whether I shall

find him here again, but he is

HE CAME A LITTLE NEARER

usually around after a day or so."

The Artist had been placing some of the beechnuts carefully on his shoulder where they could not be seen from below, when around the corner of the piazza raced the little chipmunk. After making two or three stops and starts, to be certain Delia was harmless, he ran up the Artist's knee again and peeped into the hand where he had found nuts before. But not finding any he began to search this way and that, up and down the Artist's sleeves, under the edges of his coat, in the nearest pockets, until he ran up the arm and came suddenly upon the little pile on the shoulder.

He sat up at once and packed them all away, working very fast with his little paws. Then he ran quickly down to the arm of the chair, sprang to the floor and was gone again.

"Perhaps he would come to you," said the Artist, and he handed Delia some nuts. "Just rap on the arm of the chair when he comes again."

Delia shivered with happiness as she waited and it seemed a good many minutes before the chipmunk came back. She rapped on the arm of the chair with a nut and the chipmunk stopped and looked at her. Then he came a little nearer and a



little nearer in a very crooked line, till at last he jerked his feathery tail and gave a spring and landed on her knee. She rattled the nuts a little so he could hear them, and he ran up to her shoulder and down her arm to her hand.

And there he sat right in Delia's own hand!

She almost held her breath. He looked prettier than ever now that she could see him near. She rubbed his chest and stomach very gently with one finger, as the Artist told her to do, and she could feel his little muscles working as his tiny paws busily put away the nuts into his cheeks.

When the nuts were gone he jumped from the little girl's hand so suddenly that she was startled; but this time he did not run off as before. Instead he stopped short near the door of the house and looked back at the man.

"What's the matter?" asked the Artist. But the chipmunk sat and waited.

"Haven't you got a full load?" asked the Artist. But the chipmunk did not move. "Well, I haven't any more out here. You'll have to be satisfied."

The chipmunk still waited and looked at him. "Well! well!" said the Artist rising from his chair and laying his pipe on the piazza rail, "I suppose I'll have to get some for you," and he went into the house.

The tiny animal sat and watched anxiously through the doorway till the Artist came back. "Here they are," said the big man, tossing a nut towards him. "He never likes to go," he said to Delia, "till both his cheeks are filled."

The chipmunk seized the nut and slipped it into his cheek. "How many more do you want?" said the Artist to the little animal, tossing him another nut and another, one at a time.

When five or six were gone the chipmunk turned without waiting to see if there were more, and scampered off around the house with his feathery tail streaming out behind him.



HE SLIPPED IT INTO
HIS CHEEK

"I don't believe he'll be back again today," said the Artist. "I suppose he thinks we haven't enough nuts left to be worth returning for. But you must come another day to see him."

"Oh thank you! I'd like to *ever* so much," said Delia. "And I'll bring you all my beechnuts for him. I've found almost two quarts."

"That *is* a lot," said the Artist. "And I'll be glad to have them, it takes so much of my time to pick them up—and he always expects me to gather his winter supply for him! Come over whenever you like and we'll give him some of your nuts and you shall see him eat them.

The little girl, peeping out through the vine-leaves, found that the sun was sinking down out of sight behind the woods, and slipping hurriedly out of the big chair she said goodbye to the Artist and he came down the steps with her and along the path.

"Better try some of my spring water before you go," he said. "It's very good."

Between the path and the great poppy-bed was a trough hollowed out of a mossy tree-trunk, and into it ran a little stream of clear water. The Artist took the dipper, which was made of a gourd, and filled it for Delia under the cold sparkling stream. She was very thirsty and she drank it all eagerly. "It *is* good," she said, as she gave back the gourd.

She waited a moment while he drank too, then, saying goodbye again, she hurried down the path.

Once, before reaching the turn that led into the woods, she looked back and saw the poppy-garden, the little vine-covered house, and the Artist still standing in the path, the little gourd dipper in his hand.

Through the gate she passed and over the bridge. The gold of the trees seemed browner in the dusk now that the sun was gone. But she did not stop this time to look at the trees or to listen to the chipmunks. She ran along the path as fast as she could and made believe she was a deer running away from the hunters, and she said to herself, "If *I* were a chipmunk I should gather my own nuts and stay in the woods."

GRANDFATHER HOOKER'S NAIL-ROD

BY MARTHA H. PILLSBURY

THE old black horse stood saddled at her door. Goodwife Hooker lingered before the glass, smoothing her white neckerchief over her shoulders, making sure that the point came exactly in the middle, behind. Thyrza was waiting outside. She was the happiest little girl in all the colony; for in the pocket of her linsy-woolsey dress was her precious nail-rod which she was to spend exactly as she liked.

Money was scarce among the settlers, and nail-rods, or long nails, were greatly needed for building purposes. The iron was dug from the bogs, and then the kitchen fireplaces served as forges. Every evening, while her grandmother knit in the corner, and her mother spun, Thyrza sat by the chimney, up which the flames roared and crackled, and watched the iron in the fire turn to soft glowing masses. Then it was taken out and hammered on the hearth and wrought by her father and grandfather into smooth and shapely rods. These were readily taken at the store instead of money.

One evening, as Thyrza was tying up a bundle of rods for her mother to carry to town next day, her grandfather said, drawing one out from the rest, "That's the smoothest and straightest nail I've made for many a day! You shall have it, little Thyrza, to buy whatever you like."

Thyrza's brown eyes opened wide with wonder and delight. She had never had anything to spend in her life before. But a troubled anxious look came over her mother's face. Her grandmother stopped the clicking of her needles to say, warningly, "Be very careful, Thyrza, that you waste nothing in vain show and idle frippery." Her father openly expressed his disapproval. "I like it not, Father," he said. "Thyrza is too young to be thus tempted."

But grandfather laughed and patted Thyrza's head. He was ever too merry and too tender for a Puritan. "She comes of

good stock, son Richard," he said, "and I warrant she'll use the nail-rod wisely."

So, as Grandfather Hooker's word was law, Thyrza was going to Lynn with her mother that morning, to spend her nail-rod. Her mother came out and mounted. Her father whispered,



THERE CAME TO THEM BOTH A LONGING FOR THE PRETTY PLATE.

as he lifted her up to the pillion behind her mother, "These are troublous times, little Thyrza, and we must have thought for only the neccessities of life." Grandmother Hooker came out to see them off. She shaded her eyes with her hand and called out in her tremulous voice, "Spend nothing, Thyrza, in vain show and idle frippery."

They rode away. It was a pleasant ride through the woods, along the notched trees. The sun shone brightly, and the light snow glistened like diamonds. Little frivolous squirrels scampered around them, chattering saucily. Sometimes Thyrza laughed aloud in very happiness, and her mother did not chide her.

Down at the store in Lynn there was much to interest Thyrza. High upon a shelf across one corner, stood a smart little row of pink and blue plates and glass mugs, with two tall vases. Thyrza climbed on a box and studied the pictures on the plates and spelled out slowly the words on the mugs: "To a Good Boy;" "To a Good Girl;" "For Diligence in Study."

When Goodwife Hooker had exchanged her nail-rods for tea and sugar and spices, and had heard the news from England in the paper which came a month ago, she said, "Now, Thyrza, I will step across the way and chat with Goodwife Fulton, and when you have bought what you wish you can join me there." So the little girl was left to decide for herself.

Mr. Horn took down, one by one, the pretty things on the shelf and turned them round and round for Thyrza to see, though she was not allowed to touch them. It was hard to decide. Thyrza would have been happy to have owned any of them. But one pink plate especially pleased her; and when she learned that the price of it was just what would be paid for the nail-rod she felt sure it was her choice.

Mr. Horn was wrapping up the plate when, suddenly, Grandmother Hooker's warning came to Thyrza and the little girl shook her head and clasped her hands tightly behind her. She told Mr. Horn she would not take the pink plate after all.

When Goodwife Hooker and Thyrza came home that night, the little packages were spread out upon the table to be examined, and Thyrza, with a smile so brave that it drove back the starting tear-drop, laid with the rest her purchase which she had made with her grandfather's gift—a bag of coarse salt!

Grandfather's face wore a look of triumph. Grandmother was pleased and happy. Even Goodman Hooker's stern face softened as he said, "That's my own little maid!"

But often, when the day's work was done, and Thyrza sat on her grandfather's knee, she told him of the wonderful things in the store; and I think sometimes there came to them both a sore longing for the pretty scalloped plate, with its tall pink castles, and its little boatmen setting out so bravely for unknown lands across the pink waters.

HERE ARE TOYS FOR HAPPY HOURS



MOSAIC BLOCKS

Just the plaything for little children who like to make things out of blocks. Consists of a square wooden frame, enamelled in gray, subdivided into many little squares. This frame lifts out and the lower section contains a multitude of colored enamelled blocks to fit the little squares in the frame. Colored patterns are furnished and by following these all sorts of delightful pictures can be made of animals, birds, people, objects and geometric figures. It is a fascinating occupation for the child, and even grown-ups will like to play with it. Mother can use it to work out pretty designs for cross-stitch work. Better than a puzzle.

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 60c.



CORNET

Would you like to be able to play a cornet? Maybe you mean to learn how when you are older. But right now, here is one to practice on, and a good little instrument it is, much more like a real one than a toy one. It really plays a tune! It has four stops, which you use just as you would those on a real cornet. This little all-metal instrument is only eight inches long. It won't take much practice for you to be able to play a bugle call, just as the Scout above is doing.

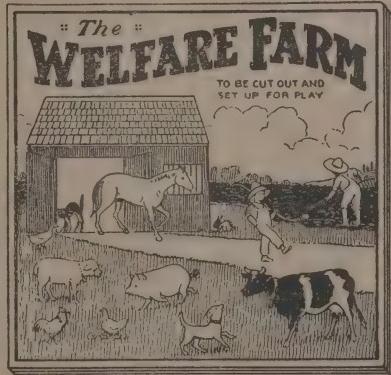
Given for two yearly subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 90c.



HUMMER TRAIN

Be your own engineer, fireman, conductor, brakeman, signal-man, passenger and—owner of the road! You can be all these things if you have a Hummer Train. The Hummer consists of an engine, a coal-car and a passenger-coach that runs on a circular track, which comes in sections and is easily put together and taken apart when not in use. There is a real signal-station and automatic signal with the Hummer. The train is wound with a key which is attached to the engine, and cannot be lost. The entire outfit is well made of tin, and painted in gay colors.

Given for five yearly subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, \$3.00.



WELFARE FARM

This is a cut-out game which is to be set up for play. You will find the animals, their barn, the farmer and his boy all ready to be cut out and arranged in the farm-yard. You can play all sorts of farm games with them, and have lots of fun.

Given for three new four-months trial subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS at 50c. each. Cash price, 20c.

Your own subscription, either new or renewal, will count as one toward any reward marked with (●)

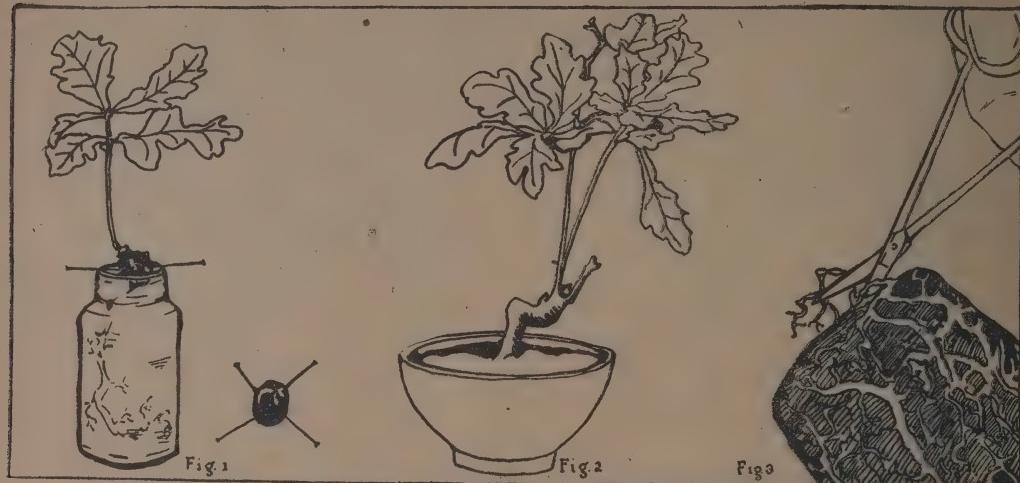


FIG. 1—ROOTING ACORNS IN WATER.* FIG. 2—A FIVE-YEAR OLD DWARF OAK.
FIG. 3—THE SECRET OF DWARFING IS CUTTING THE ROOTS.

SOMETHING TO GROW

MINIATURE FOREST TREES

BY S. L. BASTIN

I AM now going to tell you about a most interesting lot of baby trees that I have. These are all such tiny trees, yet many of them are several years old. Of course, as a rule, trees soon grow up and become very big, but every tree, in what I call my indoor forest, is only a few inches high. Yet they are all healthy. In the spring they put out new foliage and, when the fall comes, the leaves turn color and finally drop to the ground. After hearing about my collection I feel sure you would like to have some for yourself, so I am going to tell you how to raise any number of miniature forest trees.

When you go out in the woods you can often pick up acorns, chestnuts, beechnuts and the seeds of other trees. These are to be found most plentifully in the late fall, but they are often to be discovered at other times of the year. Sometimes they may be starting into growth and, if we can get a few like this, a good deal of time will be saved. However it does not take very long to get the acorns and other tree-seeds nicely rooted if you follow the plan I have shown in the picture. Take any bottle or narrow-mouthed jar and fill it to the top with water. Now stick the points of four pins into each acorn, chestnut or beechnut so that you can just balance it at the top of the jar with the lower part touching the water. You must change the water now and again so as to keep it quite fresh. After a while the seed will send down a little root into the water, and then a stem with some leaves will be borne by the upper part.

Of course this will take a little time and if

you are in a hurry to get the baby forest trees I should advise you to follow the plan I have told you of finding acorns and nuts that have already started to grow. If the acorns are kept in a nicely warmed room they will grow more quickly than when they are put into a very cool place.

When the tiny trees that you have grown in water, or taken up from the woods, have got three or four leaves you must put them into a very small pot with soil. This pot should have a small hole in the bottom for the drainage. Get some very fine soil, without any stones, and then line the inside of each pot with it. Now put in the little trees, one in each pot, finally filling in with soil all round. Press the mould in firmly. There will be little else to do except to see that they do not want for moisture. Keep them in a light position such as in front of a window.

Now I must tell you how to keep the baby trees very small. Each spring when the new shoots appear, which will be about May, pinch out the green bud at the tips of the branches. Then in the autumn of every year turn the trees out of the pots and, with a pair of scissors, cut off the points of root that project beyond the soil. You may then re-place the ball of earth in the pot. Just once a year, in the summer, it is rather a good plan to break up the soil a little round the tree and then scatter half a teaspoonful of guano or some garden fertilizer. If you follow out the plan I have told you there is no reason why you should not have a sweet little collection of forest trees that will always be most interesting to you and your friends.

TOYS FOR EVERY SORT OF FUN



PASSENGER BOAT.

Here's a clever little boat, measuring about 8 inches from stem to stern. It has a propeller, and an adjustable flagpole. Winds with a key, which is the smoke from the smoke stack. Boat is enamelled in red, white and buff, with black, green and yellow trimmings. Has a cabin on deck. To operate, hold the propeller and wind with the key, then slip the boat into the water, and watch it go.

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 75c.

• VIOLIN •

Perhaps your choice of musical instruments is a violin, and if you haven't one yet, here is a good toy one to begin with. It is made of metal, but so cleverly finished that it looks like wood; and best of all, you can really and truly play on it. Just fit the bridge under the strings, and rub the piece of rosin that comes with the instrument, over them, tune the violin by the loosening or tightening of the strings (the keys really turn), and there you are, ready to use the bow. The violin is fourteen inches long. It won't take you long to learn to play upon it.

Given for two yearly subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS. Cash price, 98c.



• LADIES' KNIFE • A darling knife for a lady's desk, or a child. It is made of fine quality steel and will take a good keen edge. This beautiful knife has a large blade and a small blade.

Given for two yearly subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 95c.

Your own subscription, either new or renewal, will count as one toward any reward marked with (•—•)



SCHOLAR'S COMPANION WITH CUP

Here is another good scholar's companion, quite as complete as any you will find anywhere. It contains a varied and useful assortment of necessary articles: red and white ruler, four pencils with erasers, a penholder, pen-points in a metal container, an eraser, and an individual metal drinking cup, with a cover. The companion is made of brown imitation leather, and fastens with a snap fastener.

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 40c.

Two companions given if you send your own renewal subscription with one new yearly one.



• TELESCOPE •

Any boy or girl can have a lot of fun looking at things through a telescope. Objects several hundred feet away seem as near as though you were looking directly at them. A sailboat on the water, or an air-plane in the sky will seem equally near. With a telescope you can watch things happen at a distance, things you couldn't otherwise see. Tag and Hide-and-Seek are only two of the games that can be played with the aid of a telescope. The instrument pictured above is in three adjustable sections, and has a good, clear lens.

Given for two yearly subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, \$1.00.

SOMETHING OTHER READERS HAVE WRITTEN

Editor's Note:—So few stories and poems were received for this month that the Editor herself has chosen the best story and the best poem and will award prizes to them. Until further notice there will be no more prize contests.

THE WAX DOLL

By Marjorie Morrison, Stanford Univ. Calif.

In a toy shop in New York there was a big wax doll in the window. She was the most beautiful of all the dolls in the shop and you could see many noses of poor little girls pressed against the glass while wistful eyes looked at her.

In all the toy shop there was but one who was jealous of her; that was the big elephant. While all the other dolls in the toy shop would admire her he would stand and look at her with a stony stare.

One day, when the toy shop was all closed up and everybody had gone away, the big wax doll got up and walked to and fro on the counter. She happened to pass the big elephant. He put out his big grey trunk and deliberately tripped her. Face down she fell and skinned her pretty little nose. The dolls in the toy shop were so angry that they called in the tin soldiers. In came the soldiers with their muskets on their shoulders. The captain at the head of the line stood up as straight as a stick, and seemed very proud to be called in to fight the big elephant.

The elephant stood up as stiffly as ever but he seemed to have a pleased expression on his face when he looked down at the big wax doll on the counter. As he was looking down at her the tin soldiers came in with the drummer beating a-rub-a-dub-dub for them to march by.

When the captain saw the elephant looking down on the doll he thought, "Now is my

chance," so he gave his men the secret signal, which was putting his hand behind his back. When they saw it they rushed on the elephant and dug their spears into his back. It did not worry him much for he took the captain and all his men in his trunk and threw them over the counter and looked at them with a smile on his face.

The next day a little boy and his father came in, and the father said, "Well, my son, what would like in this toy shop?"

The little boy answered, "May I please have that big grey elephant."

The father said, "Why yes, my son," and the elephant was done up and taken away.

All the toy folk were so glad that they had the big elephant out of their midst that they had a big feast and dance in honor of it.

In came the clergyman and the wax doll and the tin soldier were married in great style. They bought a toy house and lived happily ever after.

AT THE SEASHORE

By Alice Hare, Davenport, Ia.

Little waves and big waves,
Dancing by the shore,
Little folks in bathing-suits
Beg to go in more.

Then the sandy beaches
Yield such lots of fun,
Crowded with happy children
From rise to set of sun.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

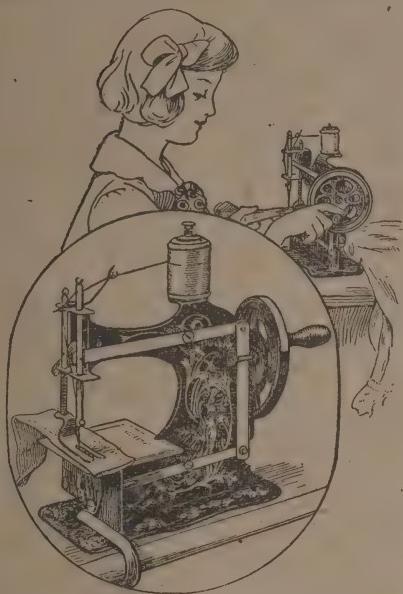
THESE children sent only their street addresses to the Bicycle Dept. when they wrote to learn how to secure a \$70 bicycle. If they will send their full address (street and number, city and state) their inquiries will be answered. Max, Harry and Anna West, Loyd Leonard, Benjamin Haegele, Jr., Virginia Dodge, Georgianna Vail, Donald Hamm, Opal Threadgill, Joe McMakin, Gertrude Chamberlain, John McGrody, Max Exline, Dorothy Kinzig, Marie Griffin, Rachel Burgess, Maycle Gentizer, Zelma Zeller, Virginia Dettlinger; William Nessel.

These children have contributed to the European Children's Relief Fund, and the Editor wishes to acknowledge their thoughtfulness, and to thank them for their welcome assistance. Narcisse Truitt, Mary Averill, Helen Pafenbach, Roxanna Hutchings.

These children have written to the Letter Bag, but owing to the large number of letters waiting to be printed, the Editor regrets that she cannot use them.

Solvig Hagman, Dorothy Jennison, Aileen Holman, Zelle Murphy, Katherine Austin, Catherine Yarborough, Beulah Matson, Henrietta Shaw, Elma Jennings, Marjorie Thompson, Dorothy Wright, Eugenia Scott, Jean Bixler, Dorothy Mumma, Elizabeth Ruff, Janie Brokaw, Ann Wilcox, Marian Sloan, Lucy Merrick, Louise Greenwood, Florence Fauchette, Freda Evans, Joy Nelson, Jane Dillard, Irene Spence, Marion Gillham, Martha Freeman, Esther Taylor, Ida Solomon, Irma Pate, Esther Almy, Bernice McMann, Helen Hubbard, Elizabeth Polyzocles, Ada Bohart, Grace Darling, Marcia Munsey, Priscilla Noddin, Jean Worthington, Margaret Scarth, Leta Thorne.

LITTLE GIRLS WILL ENJOY THESE



SEWING MACHINE

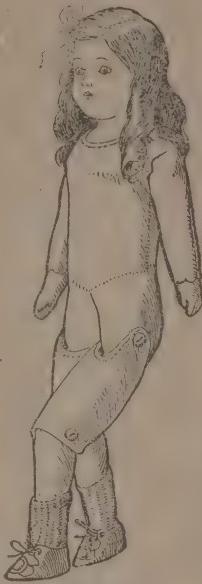
Elizabeth had a dress to make for Beatrice Elaine, because Beatrice Elaine had been invited to another party. Beatrice Elaine had come from France in time for Elizabeth's birthday, and in no time at all she was the most popular doll in the whole neighborhood, if you could judge by the number of doll-parties she was invited to. Every party meant a new dress, for not even an ordinary doll can wear the same dress to every party—and Beatrice Elaine wasn't ordinary. But Beatrice Elaine wasn't the only child in Elizabeth's family—there were four others, and they had to go to parties, too, and have new clothes. It's a wonder Elizabeth ever found time to play or to go to school, isn't it? But she did, and this is how she made her children's clothes so quickly, and beautifully; she used a sewing-machine! No, not Mother's big machine in the sewing-room, but a little machine all her own. It clamped onto the table in her playroom, and was a very business-like looking machine, with nickel parts, and enamelled in black and colors. To operate it, Elizabeth turned a crank with one hand, and guided the cloth with the other. You can't think how easy it was to do. Elizabeth said that the machine came with a spool of thread all on it, ready to use, and a piece of cloth under the needle to show how to operate it. There were clamps and a tiny screwdriver with it, too. There was no guess-work about using it, for full directions for both its use and care came with it. Now, Elizabeth isn't the only little girl who can have such a sewing-machine, for You and You and You can have them, too. You will be delighted with them, and your doll-children will have more clothes than they ever had in their lives before, for all sorts of occasions.

Given for two yearly subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, \$2.50.

KIDDETTE DOLL

Not since before the War have kid-bodied dolls been as plentiful as they are now. When they were to be had at all, they were very expensive. Ellen May learned that whenever she asked Mother to buy her a new one, and though she wanted one with a kid body, because they lasted so much longer, she usually found that not all the pennies in her bank would buy the sort of dolly she wanted. But one day Ellen May learned through her favorite magazine that she could get a real kiddette doll, with a pretty bisque head and long, soft, curly hair, and eyes that would open and close. That was just the kind of doll Ellen May had been longing for and it cost so little and was so easy to get that Ellen May could hardly believe it was true, especially when she discovered that, in addition to all her other charms, this dolly had china hands, and was jointed at the shoulders, hips and knees! And you, too, may have a doll like that.

Given for two yearly subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS. Cash price, \$1.25.

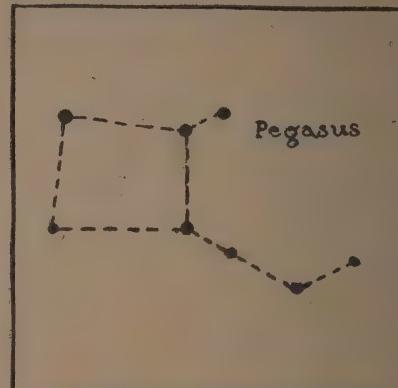
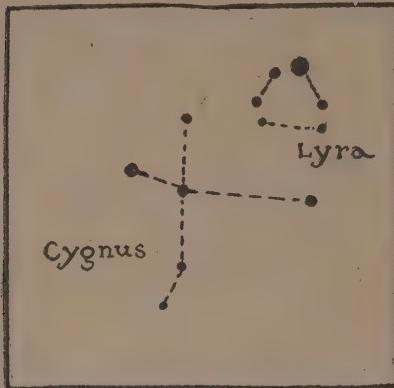


JUMPING DOG

Here is a cunning, black, fuzzy doggie, as big as a real puppy, and all ready to play with you. He wears a collar as any good dog should, and when you want him for a playmate, all you need to do is to press the bulb at the end of the long rubber tube attached to his neck. He will bark and jump and run along the floor. His fur is real. If you can't have a really truly dog, this one is a good substitute. He doesn't bite, in spite of his fierce bark!

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 65c.

Your own subscription, either new or renewal, will count as one toward any reward marked with (•)



SOMETHING TO LOOK FOR OUTDOORS LITTLE STAR STUDIES

II.

THE Big Dipper is easy to find in November. If you look at about eight o'clock you will see it low in the northern horizon, a little to the northeast.

Then, when you have found the North Star (*Polaris*) by looking in a straight line from the two pointers made by the stars in the end of the bowl of the Dipper, follow this straight line further up to a point overhead, until you come to a huge square, formed by four stars. This is the Square of Pegasus. Do you know the story of the wonderful Winged Horse, whose name was Pegasus? Nathaniel Hawthorne tells about it in his Wonder Book; you will enjoy reading it if you never have done so.

The Square is not all of this constellation. Can you imagine the head of Pegasus stretching out toward the west? There are three stars in it. Turn the picture upside down and you will see how the stars are placed in the November sky.

Now look toward the west and see if you can find a bright cross in the Milky Way. How many stars has it? Some people call this constellation the Northern Cross, but the name the astronomers give it is *Cygnus*, the swan. It is a very huge swan, isn't it? with its long neck stretched out toward the south and a star in each of its great outspread

wings. The star in the tail of the swan (or the top of the cross) is *Deneb*.

Just a little to the left of Cygnus and below it, is a group of six stars; this constellation is called *Lyra*, the lyre. It has a very bright star—"a star of the first magnitude" as astronomers would say—whose name is *Vega*; it shines with a bluish light.

Polaris is the only star which always has the same position in our sky. By it people are able to tell directions at sea, or in the wilderness or desert.

All the constellations seem to move in circles around the North Star (*Polaris*). If you look at the same time for two successive nights, you will not find the same constellation in the same place at the same time each night. It is a little later in getting back each night in the year, so that there are some constellations which cannot be seen in the summer sky, but are visible in the winter, and others which can be seen only in the summer.

The two Dippers can always be found, and by the pointers of the Big Dipper, you can always find the North Star, providing the night is clear.

Next month we will look for Orion. He comes into our sky too late in the evening during November for us to see him very conveniently.

Margherita O. Osborne

THE LITTLE DOLL FROM FAIRYLAND

May-Elinor gasped! As easy as that to get such a wonderful dolly? Why, any child could do it! She could! All her playmates could! And, do you know, they all did. Some of them sent the seventy-five cents to LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, Salem, Mass., and some of them renewed their subscriptions and found it very, very easy to get another child

to subscribe, once they had seen a copy of LITTLE FOLKS.

But May-Elinor and her playmates didn't use up all the supply of these little dolls, and there are plenty left for other fortunate little girls who will send two subscriptions or seventy-five cents, as they did. The picture shows you how the dolly looks, and you will agree that it is no wonder the May-Elinor loves best of all her little doll from Fairyland.

**Boys and Girls Earn Xmas Money**

Write for 50 sets AMERICAN CHRISTMAS SEALS. Sell for 10¢ a set. When sold, send us \$3.00 and keep \$2.00.

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**GIVEN**

This Horsehide-Covered Football, for selling only 20 packages of our easy selling Marvello Washing Tablets at 15 cents each. When sold return \$3.00 and Football is yours. We trust you. Just send your name and address to

BRUNET & DEMERS, 196 Jefferson Ave., Salem, Mass.



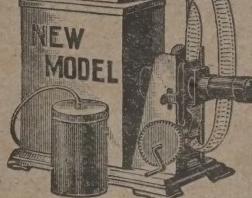
This American made Moving Picture Machine for selling only 20 Packages of our easy selling Marvello Washing Tablets at 15 cents each. We give it all complete with extra Present of admission tickets, just send your name and address to

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**EARN CHRISTMAS MONAY!**

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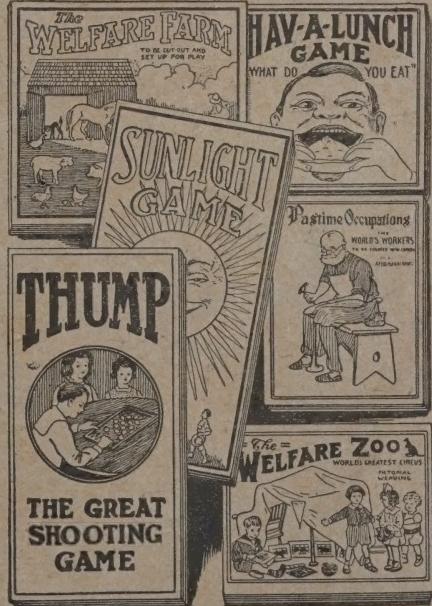
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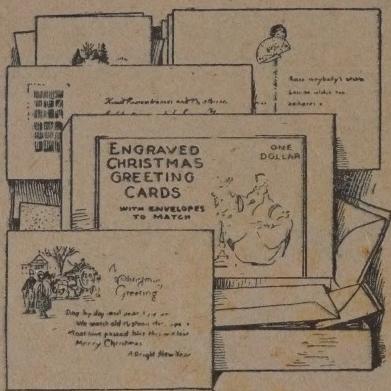
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